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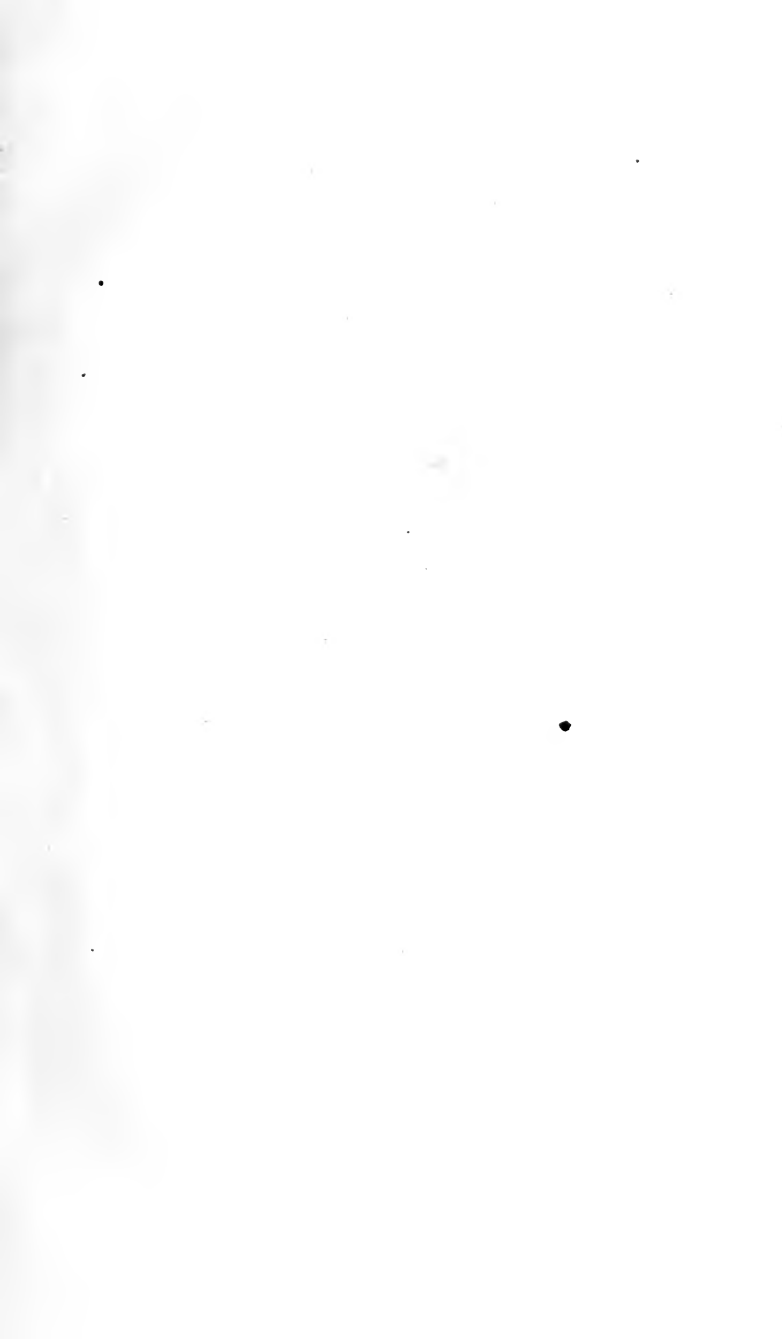
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# HUNTING HIM A YEAR.



See page 15.

J.H. 1864

A.P. 1864



7  
TRIUMPHS OF GRACE.—FULTON STREET  
PRAYER MEETING.

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7  
LIVING WORDS

FROM

LIVING MEN.

*L. G. Bingham*

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EXPERIENCES OF CONVERTED INFIDELS.

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NEW YORK:

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## EXPERIENCES OF INFIDEL MEN

RELATED IN THE

### Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

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GREAT desire has been manifested on the part of some of our most devoted Chaplains, in hospital and field, to have a book prepared which would meet the infidelity which prevails amongst some of our officers and men. To answer this demand this little Volume has been prepared, and is now sent abroad upon its mission of usefulness and love. No class of men can so well speak to infidel and unbelieving men as those who have themselves been subject to unbelief and infidelity, but who have been translated out of deep darkness into God's marvelous light. These chapters are the narratives which such men have given—themselves—of their religious experience, in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

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It is hoped that this little volume will be acceptable and useful, not only in our army and navy, but also in our families and Sabbath schools, throughout the land. We hope our children and youth will read it, and from it learn the value and importance of that instruction which they receive, by which they are taught that the BIBLE IS OUR ONLY RULE OF FAITH AND PRACTICE.

## CHAPTER I.

### **The Atheist in the Prayer Meeting.**

IN the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, in New York, a gentleman arose, and stood a moment deeply affected. He was in the middle lecture room, and the hour for the meeting was about half gone. All eyes were turned upon him, for he was a stranger. He had a fine, intellectual face, and a marble, polished brow. All indicated that he was a man of high intelligence and culture. He said :

“I came into this meeting one year ago. I came here an atheist—an atheist of no common order—but made such by science, falsely so called. I was honest and earnest

in my views, and had not a thought but that I was right. I came into this Fulton Street Prayer Meeting because I had heard much of it, and because I supposed I should here see another phase of the human mind. And, moreover, I wished to judge for myself. I wished to be a witness of the meeting.

“I had not been here many minutes before my mind became deeply impressed with the conviction that there was something true and real in these things, which was above my knowledge—something in what was said and done—but more in that which *had no voice*, but was hid in the recesses of these hearts, of which I was entirely ignorant. I looked upon these faces—all intelligent—faces evidently of business men, and I said to myself, ‘Why do these men come here, in the middle of the brief, flying hours allotted to business, the din and roar of which

is in all ears? What brings these men here?’

“I had started a question, which as a philosopher I was bound to answer. Here was an effect, for which I was bound to find the real and adequate cause. What could it be? I had to say to myself, ‘I am unable to assign that cause.’

“I came again and again, and was a silent and most attentive listener. I had to admit, to my own mind, that there was an unseen power operating upon all these minds—a mind above these minds—and that must be God. I confess that a conviction, stronger than any external evidence, of the nature of the highest kind of evidence, seized upon my mind, that God was here, or what was here, as the moving power, must be God. When that was settled, I said to myself, ‘What these men pray for, I ought to pray for; what they feel, I ought to feel; and what

they need, I need as much as they.' I inquired, 'Is this religion?' My heart answered, 'It is religion.' My conscience said, 'You ought to embrace it.' My despairing heart said, 'Oh! that I might embrace it.' How long and how diligently I sought, yet how blindly, I need not say. That is past.

"My friends," and his voice was in a tremor of deep emotion, as he stood struggling for voice to speak, "I am here, just a year after my first coming into this room as an atheist, to tell you what a precious Saviour I have found—humbly, yet joyfully, to acknowledge what he has done for a sinner like me."

He held a small Bible in his hand, and continued: "I have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write—Jesus exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sin. This," said he,



holding up his Bible, "is the warrant of all my hopes. I fold this Bible to my heart, which I so long rejected as having no authority—I fold it to my heart as a revelation to my soul of all I hope for and all I enjoy. Oh! the glad hour when Jesus washed my sins away. As a little child I have received 'the kingdom of heaven.' I knew nothing, and God has taught me. I understand now who inspires these prayers. I understand now why these business men come here to pray at the middle of the day—hour of all the day the best."

He then said that he had a father and mother for whom he asked prayer. They had never taught him the Scriptures when he was young—never teaching him even that religion was a reality. He wished we would earnestly pray for them. He urged reasons why we should not be faithless in regard to them, but believing. "Oh! do

pray—pray,” said he, “for my poor father and mother.” And he sat down amid flowing tears.

On the ensuing day he appeared again, and renewed his request for prayer for his dear father and mother. He said they were intelligent, at ease in worldly circumstances, surrounded with comforts; but since the change in his views, their comforts and ease had departed. He had tried to be faithful. He was praying and hoping that they would become Christians. What it had cost him to openly write FOOL on all his former boasted knowledge and opinions, no mortal mind could know—no language could describe. Again he held that precious little Bible up—“Here are the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

“ ‘ This is the Judge that ends the strife,  
When wit and reason fail;  
Our guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.’

“ Oh! that I had been instructed in this blessed book when I was a child. Then, perhaps, my life would not have been a blank, so far as all good doing is concerned, up to this late day. Then, perhaps, I should have been saved from the sad influences which I have been under, and which I have exerted. Oh! teach the blessed words which this book contains to your children, that even while young they may lay hold on eternal life.”

The meeting heard this confession of Christ, and of his confidence in the Bible, with glad surprise.

A clergyman, after a moment's pause, arose and said :

“ You cannot well conceive the surprise I had, on visiting a people whom I had been some time absent from, to see a man rise to pray, who had been an infidel. He was a hardened, scoffing infidel, of the Fourierite

school. At every place, and under all circumstances, he was there ready to cast ridicule upon religion, if he was there at all. Now to see that man rise to lead in prayer, is it any wonder that he was surprised? It was a delightful surprise. That prayer was so humble, so earnest, so full of confession for all the past, so full of thankfulness for the glorious gospel. It was no wonder that men were deeply touched, no wonder that some tears fell, and that the chords of the hearts of all present were swept by a master hand, and vibrated to that heart which was now so full of the love of Christ. Who could doubt that this was the work of the Holy Spirit?"

## CHAPTER II.

### Hunting Him a Year.

THE following was related by a clergyman, in a prayer meeting at Philadelphia, at the time of a convention held in that city, and was repeated in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting :

A gentleman said he had been an attendant at the late convention, and he tarried over a day, in order to be at the Noon Prayer Meeting held in Sansom street. He found the church well filled at the hour of prayer, and after the first half hour the brethren remaining over after the convention were invited to occupy the time. The

delegate from California, who was a Methodist clergyman, arose, and said he had wished to relate one incident, in connection with his own experience and observation, which illustrated the power of a mother's prayers and love, and he begged a little indulgence.

As he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances at the East, and as it was known that he was traveling, to a great extent, over California, he received many letters from anxious friends, begging him to hunt up a brother, or a son, and endeavor to bring them to Christ. Many an earnest letter of this kind he had received. Among the rest was one from a mother, so urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep hold upon his heart. The letter told him how she had agonized and prayed for a son in California, until she had lost all traces of him, and begged of him that, on her behalf, he would

endeavor to look up the lost boy, who, she feared, was in the broad road to ruin, and, as he loved souls, do all he could to save him.

Then, the speaker went on to say, I hunted for that son a whole year. I made inquiries for him everywhere. I determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card table, deeply engaged in play. In the midst of his game, I approached him, and told him I wished to speak with him. We descended into the street together. I told him how long I had been on the hunt for him, and it was all about the salvation of his soul.

He laughed me to scorn. He assured me I used my time and money to very poor advantage in looking for him, and, as he would take good care of himself, he did not know but thanks for all my painstaking would be superfluous. He said much that indicated

that he looked on my efforts with haughty disdain and contempt.

But I had a commission to fulfill. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance rooms, and there sign the temperance pledge; and then I wished him to go to the prayer meeting with me. He flatly refused to do either.

Stepping up close beside him, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Charlie, I believe you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you, from place to place, in obedience to a request of that mother. I have the letter in my pocket, asking this of me; would you like to see it?"

The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I ran my hand into my pocket for the purpose of showing him the letter. "Oh!" said he, "don't show



it to me; don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I." I asked him again to go with me. He answered, "Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come and go with you."

He went back and played out his game, and, good as his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance rooms, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer meeting. The man was soon in great agony of spirit. To make a long story short, that young man became hopefully converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberally educated young man. He was, in process of time, chosen to be a judge of the court of the county in which he resided. He was a conscientious judge.

One day he was trying a man, who was

indicted for gambling and similar offences—just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperado, and he shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me, continued the speaker. I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh! what precious words they were.

“Tell my dear mother,” said the dying young man, “that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter, and oh! a thousand thanks to you, that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me. Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which were never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh! who can value

a mother's prayers? And who would complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, if they would give him no rest—as did this mother, my dear, dear mother. Farewell.”

The gentleman then added :

While I was laboring for the salvation of men in California, I had an impenitent father, and mother, and brother, and two sisters, all of whom opposed me when I devoted myself to the gospel ministry, and for all whom I prayed. Now I am on my way to meet them, and next Sabbath I expect to give them the right hand of fellowship on their admission into the Church, and sit down with them at the sacramental table of the Lord. All of them have been converted within the last seven weeks, and when I shall meet them, whom I have not seen for many years, how different will be the scene from that in which I parted with

them years ago—all of them opposed to the Gospel of Christ—now all of them rejoicing in Christ Jesus. So I believe God has been a covenant-keeping God with me, and been faithful to his promises to hear and answer prayer.

And now, said the gentleman making the narration, suppose we, any and all of us, should follow up our impenitent friends with the same intensity of industry and desire as were manifested in this case, should we not win our impenitent friends to the Saviour? Who would stand out against it? Would not the Spirit of all grace make it the means of their conversion—our faithful, humble, persevering efforts? Surely he would.

## CHAPTER III.

### **The Infidel Mate of a Ship.**

THERE is much skepticism and infidelity and mysticism among the men of the sea. Great changes are going on among this class of men.

The mate of the ship was one of the infidels of the ocean. He was in the Fulton Street Meeting. He began by asking how we learned to know Christ, and what we knew of him, his gentleness, kindness, forbearance, long-suffering, patience, love, and mercy. "Oh! what should have become of me, if it had not been for all these? Where should I have been now? I was surrounded, away on the broad ocean, by those who derided religion—who said religion depended

on the shape of a man's head. They were phrenologists, believing some where made to be very religious by an irresistible necessity; and some, by the same necessity, were very irreligious. I drank in all these notions. I thought it was all well enough for those to be Christians who could not be any thing else, according to their animal organism.

“But one year and a half ago, I was in this meeting, and here I got a barbed arrow in my heart. I was in sore trouble. I could not rest. My sleep gone, comfort gone, hopes gone, all gone, I found myself a poor, miserable sinner. What a wretch I was! I went about my ship, abandoned of all hope, not knowing what to do. I often tried to pray, yet hardly dared to pray. I would steal away from all my companions, and a dreadful sorrow was in my heart. There was no one to tell me what to do.

“One night I got down on my knees to

ask Christ, as a great Saviour, to have mercy on me. It seemed he came along, and he said. 'What are you on your knees for?' and I answered, 'Oh! if it be possible for such a sinner as I to be forgiven, I want to be forgiven.' I confessed that I was hell-deserving, and must perish, if he did not have mercy.

"What do you think he said to me? 'Though your sins be scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Look to me and be saved. I can save to the uttermost. I have white raiment, and thou shalt be clothed. I give sight to the blind. I will anoint thine eyes with salve, and thou shalt see. Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.' All this seemed real to me—as real as if I heard his voice, and had seen him present before me. I knew it was the Spirit, taking the things of Christ, and showing them to my soul. Oh! how my heart went out after him! How I

embraced him—just all I wanted! I took hold, to never let go. I told him so. I made quick work, and strong work of it. I flung myself at his feet, and cried out, ‘My Lord and my God!’ I have been with him through many a storm since that blessed hour. I have been with him when the locks of my head were filled with ice, but there was the fire of love to Jesus all aglow down in my heart. I have been where I expected every plank and timber of the ship would be moved out from under my feet, but all was peace and glory in my soul. Oh! what would have become of me, if this had been all head religion? I tell you, brethren, I have found out that it is a heart religion—glory be to God—it is a heart religion.

“Brethren, come to fountain head when you come here to pray. Come to fountain head. It is always full. Fill up your empty pitchers and bear away.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### The Invisible Hand.

THERE is a power which is invisible and invincible. It is above all the forms of power open to the senses. Such is the power which alarms and terrifies the sinner, when no external or known influences have been employed. The following are samples :

Prayer had been requested for a Swedish sailor, who was said to be in a state of great religious anxiety. Fervent prayer was offered for him ; and then arose a clergyman of Brooklyn, and stated that the case of the Swedish sailor had stirred up a train of memories in his own mind, illustrating most forcibly the great truth that God hears and an-

swers prayer. The case he was about to mention was one of peculiar interest, and the facts of it all lay within his own knowledge.

A woman of his acquaintance married a young sailor, who afterwards became mate, and then master of a ship. He was a man of strong traits of character every way; he was very irreligious. In this revival his wife became, from a careless, impenitent sinner, a most pious, devoted, Christian woman. And with her own conversion she became intensely anxious for the salvation of her husband. She prayed much for him; she used every means to reach his mind, and to direct his attention to the subject of religion. She talked with him; she plead with him; she begged him to attend to the one thing needful. It was all in vain. She could not perceive that the slightest impression was made upon his mind. He was ac-

customed to use profane language, to indulge in intoxicating drink, and addicted to irreligious practices generally. He paid no regard to the prayers or tears of his devoted wife. He sailed in just these circumstances for a foreign port. She now redoubled her diligence at a throne of grace. She prayed, and she besought others to pray for him. He asked the united prayers of Christians.

Now see how wonderfully God hears and answers prayer. This sea captain was in the city of Antwerp, Germany; he was in a parlor, in a convivial company; he had a glass of wine in his hand, and was in the very act of raising it to his lips; he stood a moment with his eye fixed upon the wine. Quick as a flash the thought passed through his mind, "What is to be the end of all this?" The arrow sank deep. "What is to be the end of all this?" He set the glass down upon the table untasted. He

soon retreated to his ship, locked himself in his cabin and tried to pray. His distress was keen and pungent. He never found peace until he found it in believing in Jesus. His progress was slow ; he had no guide but his Bible, no teacher but the Divine Teacher. His vessel had left port, and he was homeward bound. He dragged heavily in the great work of making his peace with God. But peace came at last, and came long before he reached his home. The hand that was laid upon him, in Antwerp, in that parlor, amid jovial companions, with the glass of wine upraised ; that hand that arrested him then and there, never left him till he was brought to himself at the foot of the Cross. Slowly he came, but he came at last to receive Christ, the truth, the way, the life.

It was my privilege, continued the speaker, to speak with that sea captain about his soul, soon after he landed, and a more rejoic-

ing, happy Christian I have never met with. He was received into the Church upon the profession of his faith. He sat down once with his rejoicing wife, and with the Church, to the communion table. He left home again for another voyage. When a little time at sea, he was smitten with the disease of which in a few short days he died. He now sleeps beneath the waters of the Atlantic. That devoted praying wife mourns the loss of her dear husband, given to her as a child of God in answer to prayer; but she mourns him with the prospect of a glorious reünion beyond the grave.

Capt. S——, sailing between New York and Havre, said that from his youth he had been instructed in the things of religion, and to always pay great respect to religion. He consequently regarded the invitation which was given him some weeks since, to go to the Greenwich Street Prayer Meeting. He

went to the meeting. He listened attentively to the prayers and exhortations. He said to himself, Surely there must be a most momentous reality in the religion of these people, and if there is, where am I? and what am I? and whither am I drifting? and where shall I land? He saw his dangerous position. He thought within himself, Perhaps it is *now* or *never* with me. I should soon be a wreck if I did not improve my time. Said he, I got up at once in the meeting and asked them to pray for me. I went there a careless, prayerless man, but I went from that meeting straight to my vessel. I got down on my knees in my state room, when I had locked myself in, as soon as I could, and I cried to God to have mercy on my poor soul. I asked, in the language of a poor sinner of old, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I got up from that floor, and the light seemed shining all around me. Since

that time I have walked in that joyful light. I then told my mate there must be no more swearing aboard my ship, that I would not have it. He gave up swearing before me, but when my back was turned, he would do as he had done before. So I told him if he would not abandon the practice, he and I must part. So he did abandon it from that time.

Another said :

“I was alone in my cabin, in the port of New York, on the evening of the day on which my wife, unknown to myself, united herself with the Church. All at once there came over my mind a strange solemnity. I wondered what made me feel so. I did not know what it was. I felt restless under it, and endeavored to shake it off. I took up some light reading which I had with me in the cabin, and thought that by bestowing my attention upon that I might be able to create

a diversion of feeling and turn it into another channel or drive it away. But it was of no use. I tried and tried to banish that solemnity, and the more I tried the more it clung to me. Seeing a New Testament lying upon the table, I took it up and opened it at the 15th chapter of the Gospel according to John. I read it through very attentively ; it made a deep impression upon my heart ; I thought what wonderful language it was—what a wonderful character it revealed. I wished I could be among those to whom those gracious words were addressed. I felt how great a sinner I was, and how much I needed a Saviour to interpose in my behalf and save me. I went to my state room and turned the key in the lock, and knelt down and endeavored to pray. I prayed for mercy and forgiveness. I implored, with deep penitence for my sins, a free and full pardon, and it came.”



## CHAPTER V.

### The Infidel and his Child.

It is not often that incidents so full of thrilling interest are related even in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. It was in this sacred place of prayer that the following touching letter was read by a merchant of this city. No one heard it and no one can read it without being deeply affected :

MY DEAR BROTHER: You know that for many years I had been a follower of strange gods and a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was self-righteous, and thought I had religion enough of my own that was better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell. I believed that as God

had created man, he was bound to save him. I knew I did not serve him, did not know him, did not obey him. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Jesus Christ, and thought all Trinitarians were idolaters. You know what my early instructions were; deep in my heart, though, they had been buried from sight or thought, by pride and sin, and the world. Prayer was forgotten—church was neglected—and worldly morality was the tree which brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

So I lived—so I would have died, had it not been that God remembers his promises to his loving children, “showing mercy unto thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments.” Now and then better thoughts, and doubts and fears would spring up in my mind, which, however were soon stifled. As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As the boy grew up, our

mutual love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him. His mind turned over the little he had learned of God, and his nightly prayers, taught him by us, from habit and superstition, more than any conscientious feelings. His questions often puzzled me; and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor, sinful father, to know more about his heavenly Father, and that "happy land, far, far away," which his nurse had taught him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him.

The simple little prayers I had learned from my mother, with my brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow over me, and made me often think. Still I never went to church—had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach my boy? Christ and him crucified, or Universalism? or let him learn what he

could from the Jesuits, in whose church he was baptized? Blessed be God, He, in his sovereign will, chose for me!

One of his little friends died: then another; then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it; wanted to know "why God had done it? It was hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished he would not do it." I, of course had to explain the best I could.

One evening he was lying on the bed partly undressed—myself and my wife being seated by the fire. She had been telling me that T—— had not been a good boy that day. She had been telling what he had been doing, and had reproved him for it. All was quiet: when suddenly he broke out in a loud crying and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter?

"I don't want it there, father—I don't want it there," said the child.

"What, my child, what is it?"

"Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad things I have done to-day. I don't want it there. I wish it could be wiped out." And his distress increased. What could I do? I did not believe; but yet I had been taught the way; I had to console him—so I said:

"Well, you need not cry; you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want."

"How, father, how?"

"Why, get down on your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and he will do it."

I did not have to speak twice. He jumped out of bed saying.

"Father, won't you come and help me."

Now came the trial. The boy's distress was so great, and he plead so earnestly, that

the big man, who had never bowed down before God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees along side of that dear boy, and asked God to wipe away his sins; and, perhaps, though my lips did not speak it, my heart included my own sins too. We then got up, and he laid down in his bed again. In a few moments he said:

“Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?”

Oh! how the acknowledgment greeted through my unbelieving heart, as the words came to my mouth.

“Why, yes, my son, the Bible says, if you ask God, from your heart, for Christ’s sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done, it shall be all blotted out.”

A smile of pleasure passed over his face as he quietly asked.

“What did the angel blot it out with? With a sponge?”

Again was my whole soul stirred within me, as I answered :

“No, but with the precious blood of Christ. ‘The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.’”

The fountains had at last burst forth. They could not be checked, and my cold heart was melted within me. I felt like a poor, guilty sinner, and turning away said :

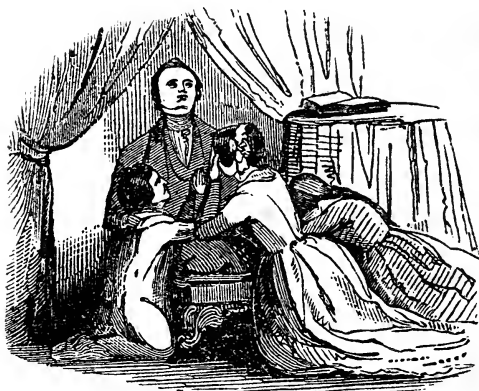
“My dear wife, *we* must first find God, if we want to show him to our children. We cannot show them the way unless we know it ourselves.”

After a little the boy, with almost heaven looking out of his eye, came from his bed, and leaning on my knee, turned up his face to mine, and said :

“Father, are you and mother sinners?”

“Why, yes, my son, we are.”

“Why,” said he, “have you not a Saviour? Why are you sinners? God don’t love sinners; don’t you love God?”



I answered as best I could. And in the silent hours of the night I bent in prayer over that dear boy and prayed, "Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief." My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over our boy until, blessed again be God, the Lord's Prayer was put into my heart, and we prayed it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child. And God heard our prayers and received us, as he always does those who seek him with a whole heart, for he has said unto such, "they shall surely find me."



## CHAPTER VI.

**"I have Missed it—at last."**

THE man who used these words meant that he had missed his salvation. Oh! how many miss their salvation? The golden opportunity to secure it they failed to improve.

*"I have missed it—at last."* So said a gentleman on rising to speak a few words in the Fulton Street Meeting. These were the words of a young man who had died the night before. They were addressed to his physician, who sitting by his bedside, and who had just communicated to him the surprising intelligence that he had but a very short time to live. The young man looked up in the face of his physician with a most

despairing countenance and repeated the expression :

“I have missed it—at last.”

“What have you missed?” inquired the tender-hearted, sympathizing physician.

“I have missed it—at last,” again the young man repeated.

The doctor, not in the least comprehending what the poor young man meant, said, “My dear young man, will you be so good as to tell us what you——?” He instantly interrupted, saying :

“Oh! doctor,” he answered, “it is a sad story—a sad—sad story that I have to tell. But I have missed it.”

“Missed what?”

“Doctor, I have missed my salvation.”

“Oh! say not so. It is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?”

“Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the

Holy Spirit—Go thy way. But *I did*. And now he is saying to me—Go *your way*.” He lay gasping awhile, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said—“I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want religion then. Something seemed to say to me—Don’t put it off—make sure of salvation. I said to myself, I will postpone it. I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again, at a time not remote and more favorable. I bargained away, insulted and grieved away the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have religion, and make my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last.”

“Remember,” said the doctor, “that there

were some who came at the eleventh hour.”

“My eleventh hour,” he rejoined, “was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am lost.”

“Not lost,” said the doctor, “you may yet be saved.”

“No—not saved—never. He tells me I may go my way now. I know it—I feel it—feel it here,” laying his hand upon his heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony, “Oh, I have missed it. I have sold my soul for a pin—a feather—a straw—undone forever.” This was said with such unutterable, indescribable despondency, that no words were said in reply. After laying a few moments, he raised his head, and looking all around the room for some desired object—turning his eyes in every direction—then burying his face in his pillow, he again exclaimed in agony and horror, “Oh! I have missed it at last;” and he died.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A Child's Tears and Entreaties.

A SPEAKER said that he went from a Brooklyn Mission school to a far-off home in Missouri. He went with several boys, and they were all placed in good Christian families. The gentleman speaking had visited them in their distant home, a short time back.

When Tommy left the Mission school in Brooklyn, it was hard to part with him, for he was a good boy. He shed many bitter tears at thought of going so far away. But when he saw him, what was his joy to find that he had become an earnest Christian. God had met him in mercy, and had given

him a new heart, and instilled into it an earnest desire for the salvation of others.

There was living in the same town an old gray-headed infidel. He had lived many years in the place, and had grown up with it. He was a man who never went to church, and paid no heed to religious things whatever.

When this little boy, who was only twelve years old, became a Christian, he felt very anxious for the salvation of this poor old infidel. So he went to him, and asked him to go to meeting with him.

"No, no," said the old man, "I have not been inside of a church for twenty years, and I do not wish to go."

"Oh! come with me," said the young disciple, "come with me. It will do you no harm, and it may do you some good."

"No, no," the infidel replied, "you do not catch me to go there. I know better. I am

not going to begin now, after staying away from church for twenty years. No, no, you don't catch old birds with chaff."

The boy began to shed tears. He could not help it. The old man, seeing this, said that he believed he would go, just to please his little friend, for he did not know when any one else had manifested such anxiety for him.

The next night he went for the old man again, and with some persuasion he got him to go a second time. That night the old man got an arrow in his heart. The third night he had no trouble to get the infidel to go to the meeting. The fourth night he went of his own accord. That old infidel was awakened, convicted, and converted. And he often, now, in the prayer meetings, speaks of his experience, and says, "What would have become of me, if it had not been for little Tommy's tears and entreaties."

Thus the poor mission school boy has begun to be a real missionary, and has been enabled, by God's grace assisting, to win over the stout-hearted infidel to the cause of Christ. If we will win souls to Christ, we must do as he did, we must persuade them with many tears.

Then another little boy was spoken of, who also belonged to a Mission Sunday school. He had been converted, as all his friends hoped and believed. When he had found an interest in Christ himself, he felt very anxious for his impenitent father and mother, and brothers and sisters. He persuaded them to pray; he prayed with and for them. He actually pulled them down on their knees beside him, while he poured out his heart to God.

What was the result of all this? That father and mother, and those sisters and brothers are all rejoicing in the truth.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### **Tossing the Six Shooter Overboard.**

A GENTLEMAN said that two years ago, the 6th of March, a brother of his sailed away for California. Before he went on board the steamer, he loaded up each barrel of a six shooter, with three balls in each barrel, and he made a vow that those barrels should never be discharged until they were aimed at the heart of a man who had greatly injured him, and on whom he sought to be revenged. He even went so far as to pray that that pistol might do its dreadful office-work, in taking the life of his intended victim.

"I knew," continued the speaker, "the object of my brother's visit to California. I

went to him and said to him, I have one favor to ask of you, and as it is but one, you will not, I hope, deny me. Will you promise to do for me one thing?"

"Why, yes," said he, "if it is possible and proper to be done, I will promise."

"Well," I replied, "it is both proper and possible. Will you promise?"

"I promise. What is it?"

"It is that you will receive this tract, 'Come to Jesus,' and that you will read it with much prayer.

"My brother had not expected such a request as this, but he took the little book of me, and as we parted on the steamer he said he would read it, and pray according to the promise of much prayer.

"Soon after leaving port he began to read the tract 'Come to Jesus.' It troubled him very greatly. The more he read and prayed, the more he was in trouble. There was a

clergyman on board, to whom he opened his mind, and explained to him the object he had in view in going to California; confessed that the tract had made a deep impression upon his mind, and he now looked at things in a different light. One day, as he was talking with the clergyman, he brought out the murderous pistol. They were by this time on the broad Pacific, making their way to San Francisco.

“He said. ‘This is the six shooter, with which I intended to kill my enemy in California. I shall not take vengeance into my own hand. The man shall be left to the Lord, to take vengeance upon him, or not, as he pleases. And now this six shooter shall go where it can never do any harm.’ And suiting the action to the word, he tossed it into the sea.

“Ten months ago,” continued the speaker, “that brother returned from California. He

returned a Christian. I had the pleasure of hearing him tell his Christian experience, on his being received into the Church on the profession of his faith. I had the happiness to sit down with him at the table of the Lord, and celebrate the love of Jesus. It was a blessed message to him which he found in that little tract, 'Come to Jesus.' And happy was the hour for him, when he promised that he would read the tract, with much prayer. He never found peace for a single moment afterward, until he found it in believing in Jesus. Oh!" said the speaker, "it was a great change. He witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. It was a wonderful change.

"Three weeks ago I saw that brother die. On the day before his death, he wanted the holy communion of the Lord's Supper administered to him. There he sat in his bed, propped up with pillows, his face radiant

with joy and delight, as he joined with a little company of us, who were his friends, in the solemn ordinance. Oh! what had that little message, 'Come to Jesus,' done for him. Death was already laying his icy hand upon him, but with a holy triumph he was passing away where he would sing the conqueror's song.

"From the day of his conversion to the close of his life—short indeed, but full of rich experience—he had been much devoted to Christ, and he died rejoicing in him. When inquired of by a sister if Christ was with him, in the dying hour, being unable to speak, he answered by squeezing her hand. Some time after, when I went to his bedside, and asked if he knew me, and if Jesus was with him as he was passing through the dark valley? 'Oh! yes,' he answered with great emphasis. And these were his last words.

“So I would say to any impenitent sinner as the tract said to my brother, Come to Jesus. Oh! my dear young friends, if you would but come—come to him—triumphant in mercy, able and willing to save. I want to speak of one saved at the eleventh hour. I had known him years ago, knew him in the way of business—knew him to be what I supposed he was—a careless, irreligious man. I first saw him come into this meeting some few weeks ago. I took pains to speak to him at the door, and to express my gratification at seeing him come into the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. I told him I hoped he would keep coming. He did not say whether he would or not; but the next day he came again, and he continued to be very punctual and very constant in his attendance.

“One day I ventured to speak to him on the subject of religion. I found his mind

deeply interested. He spoke of his satisfaction in coming. One day I asked him if he hoped he had experienced the great change. He answered that he hoped he had. Often, after that, I would say a few words to him about his soul. I found him abiding in Christ. He came always into this meeting of late, with a most happy, joyful countenance. But a few days ago, as he was passing out, I had noticed how deeply he had been affected during the meeting. 'Is it all well with you?' said I. 'All well,' he immediately answered, with a most joyful expression of countenance.

"That was the last time he ever spoke to me. These were the words he left ringing in my ear—'all well!'

"He died without a moment's warning, two or three days afterwards. He fell down dead, in what was supposed to be perfect health. It was, indeed, his eleventh hour

when he came in here. He made his peace with God in the right time. It was, indeed — this meeting — none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven to his soul. How important was this place of prayer to that one soul ! Let us keep on praying ; for, in due time, we shall reap, if we faint not."



## CHAPTER IX.

### Grace Abounding.

THE requests of children for impenitent parents are very touching. They often reach the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. A daughter sends a request, saying, that while God has had mercy on her soul her parents have been passed by. And the time has come when the hearts of children are turned to their parents. So she ventures to ask that her parents may be remembered before the throne of grace.

A young gentleman arose, and said, that all requests of this character deeply affected him, for he once belonged to the same class. He had been brought to Christ himself, but

his parents were out of the ark of safety. He said that he belonged to a Theological Seminary, and among his fellow students there were eight whose fathers were impenitent. Among them was one whose father was a wealthy, proud man of the world. He had carried the son through a collegiate education with a view to a shining career in another profession. When the time came for the son to make choice for himself, he frankly told his father that he wished not to study law, but to enter the Theological Seminary with a view to the Gospel ministry.

"You wish to enter the Theological Seminary, do you?" inquired the father, in a rage.

"Yes, I do," answered the son.

"And be a preacher—a poor preacher, do you?"

"And be as good a preacher of the Gospel as I can."

“And I educated you for this, did I?”

“Not for this. But I hope this is my calling—to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.”

“And you intend to enter the Seminary?”

“I do, God being willing.”

“Then, from this day, I cut you off from all inheritance with my children; and I disown you forever.”

“Not forever, I hope,” replied the son.

He entered the Seminary, and he was one of those eight sons who had impenitent parents—for whose conversion they held stated prayer meetings. The hearts of these children were turned to the parents. They earnestly wrestled in prayer. And I am here to tell you that every one of those impenitent fathers is converted. How shall I describe the meeting between the outcast son and his converted father, whom he hurried home to embrace as soon as he heard of

the "great change." Oh! what a change. You, who have impenitent parents, be encouraged to pray for their conversion. He who turns the rivers of waters whither he will, holds all hearts in his hands, and he can turn the hearts of these parents to you as he turns your hearts to them.

A middle aged man arose, and said, he wished to bear testimony to the power of prayer :

"For many years, I was the burthen of a mother's and a sister's prayer. That mother I nearly brought, with sorrow, to the grave. I did every thing to resist her influence. I went into all manner of dissipation. I kept the company of the irreligious and the ungodly. I plunged into pleasures of every kind. I laid no reins upon my desires. I spent money freely. I was decidedly a fast man. I did not intend to give any heed to religion. By some strange means I was

brought into this meeting. I hardly know how it was. But having been in once I had a desire to be here again. I came time after time. The more I came the more I desired to come. It was not easy for me, with my own consent, to stay away.

“I took to watching Christians. I scanned their conduct narrowly to see if I could not find some inconsistencies. I wanted an argument against religion, for I had begun to feel that it was a solemn reality. There was one family whom I watched narrowly. It was regarded as a very pious family, and I knew them well. But, after all my observation, I could detect nothing out of the way. I was satisfied that the cheerful, constant peace which they enjoyed was not a sham. The more I believed this, the more trouble I was in. My mother’s prayers and my mother’s faith never gave out. They followed me.

“ At last I was obliged to tell her just how it was with me. I had to acknowledge that I felt myself to be a very guilty sinner, and I should go down to hell unless God would have mercy upon me. I want to tell you what I owe to Jesus. I obtained mercy through him. Oh! if there is a poor man here, without God, and without hope, who has a praying mother, I want to beg you to come and lay yourself at the feet of Jesus at once. Do not sin against a Saviour who, to add to all he has done for you, has given you a praying mother.”

Another arose. He is a physician, who has been publicly honored by some of the crowned heads of Europe for his published works and discoveries in medical science. He said he had been invited by a friend to come into these meetings, and for a few days he had come in—saying at the same time to his friend, that he did not believe it would

do him any good. He seemed struggling with deep emotion as he stood before the meeting, and said, "I wish to tell you my story and then ask you to pray for me. My story is briefly this: I studied medicine and practiced in a neighboring State—a careless and unbelieving man, as it respects the whole subject of the Christian religion. I went on in life and labor in my profession, without thinking whether I had a soul or not—to be saved or lost.

"In the course of my duties, some time since, I was called to attend the death bed of a woman who was sinking with consumption, and when the hour of dissolution came, her friends all forsook her and fled from the room, and I was left alone with her. I determined that I would stand by her to the last, and I remained alone with her, and saw her die.

"With the going out of her last breath,

there seemed to come into my heart and mind a conviction, as if it was from above, sudden as a bolt from heaven, that it was 'not all of death to die'—that there was something beyond for which I must prepare. I felt a moral—a spiritual necessity upon me—a something that must be supplied, and a something that must be done, in order to this work of preparation. I found my mind aroused to inquire what this could be? And I came to the conclusion that I was a poor, lost sinner, and must be saved through the atoning blood of Christ, which alone could wash away my sins.

“In process of time I hoped that my sins were all forgiven—for, from that hour of awakening, I never had a moment's rest. I thought I found rest in believing in Christ. It was a new experience to me. I supposed and believed that I had made my peace with God, and in that confidence I rested.”



## CHAPTER X.

### **The Testimony of a Sailor.**

THE man whose testimony is here given to the power of divine grace had been a stout-hearted unbeliever in all revealed religion. To get rid of all religious restraints and influences he had made the ocean his home :

A sailor in the Fulton Street Meeting said he would not let the hour pass without saying a word. He wished to give his testimony to the power of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," in subduing such a heart as his. The speaker was a young man of small stature—a sprightly, intelligent-

looking man—a German, speaking the English language very imperfectly, though most in the meeting could understand and comprehend his meaning. His manner was very impassioned, and he seemed to be very much in earnest. He said he had never before been in the meeting, and he could not go away without telling what the Lord had done for him. He had been a very wicked, irreligious and abandoned young man. “When any one had spoken to me,” said he, “it was always my habit to say, ‘Go away, I will have nothing to do with it. I do not believe in religion. I will not hear you.’ ” So he had always repulsed every one who would come to him on this errand, to talk with him about his soul. He had thus resisted all approaches on the subject. “Some months ago,” he said, “I shipped as a common sailor on board a ship, and was conveyed on board in a state of intoxication.

Before I had got sober, I was ordered aloft to do something, and I could not do it right; and the mate said he would flog me when I came down. So when I reached the deck, he pursued me with a belaying pin, and struck me, and I stabbed him on the spot, and inflicted a dangerous wound. As the vessel was still in port, he was conveyed to the hospital, and I was arrested and sent to the Tombs. I was in prison three months, waiting the termination of the injuries which I had inflicted on the mate. Meantime, some good people came to my cell with tracts and the Bible, proposing to leave them with me to read. I told them to take those things away; that I did not wish to read them. But they insisted, and at last I was persuaded to read them. The good man kept coming to see me, and talking and advising with me; so I began to hear in good earnest. The more I read, the more I wished

to read ; and the more I read, the more I saw what a miserable sinner I had been. I had been a sinner all my days, and had not known much about religion. I had been a stranger to myself, and did not know what a vile wretch I was. Oh ! how thankful I became that I was shut up in the Tombs, where I was obliged to think, and where I learned to know myself—what I was. I was very much distressed, and I thought there was no mercy for me. I told the gentleman who came to visit me and pray with me, that it was of no use trying to save such a sinner as I. Nothing was left for me but to go down to hell.

“ ‘No,’ said he, ‘there is no hell for a sinner that will repent and believe in Jesus.’

“ ‘But,’ I said, ‘I am sure there is a hell for me, and I must go there.’

“ ‘No,’ said he, ‘you will not go there.’

Can you not believe the Lord Jesus? He says, Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

"Well, I could not believe. So this man brought me the tract—'Coming to Jesus.' I read that tract with great surprise. I found that Jesus had come to save just such sinners as I was—come to seek and save them that were lost—and I was one of the *lost*; and he could save me, if he could save the lost—for I was no more than *lost*. I saw that the plan of salvation was for the saving of just such a sinner as me. Oh! I cannot tell you how glad I was to find that I might believe in Jesus, and, vile as I was, he could wash my sins away. My heart took hold on Christ. I cannot tell you what a blessed place my cell was. I prayed. I sung. I held up my heart to Christ—all foul as it was—to be cleansed in his precious blood. Oh! how I praised him for his

goodness to me. After a time I was let out of prison. I was walking these streets one day, and whom should I meet but the mate whom I had stabbed. I held out my hand to him, and said :

“ ‘I went to prison, but I hope God has converted and forgiven me in the prison. Can you forgive me?’ ”

“ He grasped both my hands in his two hands, and said :

“ ‘I went to the hospital, and I hope God has converted and forgiven me in the hospital. Can you forgive me?’ ”

“ There we stood in the street—grasping each other by the hands, and the tears rolling down our cheeks, and men, passing by, stopped to look at us, wondering what the matter was. I tell you that was a happy—happy meeting. We met as everlasting brothers. The last time we had seen each other we were bitter enemies. Now, Christ

had made us friends. We could have embraced each other there in the street.

“ Well, I went to sea. I have been on one voyage since I hope I was converted. We have mostly a pious crew. We went to Port-au-Prince. And such prayer meetings as we had on the voyage! Oh! what blessed meetings. It was often my duty to stand at the wheel. And in the night watch, Christ always met me at the wheel. It seemed as if he stood beside me, and talked with me as a man talks with his friend. I had some of my most precious times with him at the wheel. I tell you it was good times.

“ I do not mean that I saw him with these bodily eyes, but my heart saw him, and he was just as much there as if my eyes saw him. Oh! what a wonderful Saviour he is. He sticks closer than a brother. I cannot tell you how dear he is to me.

“When we got into Port-au-Prince, we had some prayer meetings on shore. The people were very much astonished. They said they had never seen any thing like it—never had seen any praying sailors before.”



## CHAPTER XI.

### A Call in the Night.

THE following narrative of a religious experience was given in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting :

“Hear what the Lord has done for me.”

So said a very intelligent young man. He was anxious to have all present know what religion had done for him, “for after hearing,” said he, “you will be ready to say, let no one be despaired of. If such a wretch as I, such a scoffer, unbeliever and infidel could be converted, who may not be converted ?

“I was brought up an infidel. My father and my mother were infidels ; also my sisters and brothers. There has never been

any thing but infidelity in our family since my remembrance. I had one brother die a short time ago, an infidel in death, as he had been in life. He died in perfect unconcern, looking upon human life as a failure. It had failed with him to realize his hopes. It has failed with all, was his theory. So he died. I believed as he believed; and though I had all that money can buy, for I never wanted for money, to the full extent of my wishes, yet I was far enough from happiness; and though I had a good and loving companion and little children, yet I longed to die too. I found life so full of disappointments; found that men whom I hoped and believed would be true, turned out to be false; found the world so full of knavery and deceit, that I longed to get out of it, and to try the uncertain future. I had not the slightest fear that it could be any worse than the present. Twice I attempted suicide;

once drank off laudanum enough to kill four men, and with my book in hand, and my light by my side, I laid myself down to read, to sleep, to die. I awoke, not in eternity, but in time. I was disappointed; health, wealth and friendship could not make me happy. This painful conviction grew upon me; I was most unhappy and dissatisfied with life. I actually made the second attempt upon my life, with no better success than before. Often I fully resolved that before night I would destroy myself, and after I lay down at night resolved that, come what would, next morning I would end my life.

“One night, at three o’clock, I awoke out of a sound sleep, with the strong impression that I ought to get up and read the Bible.

“‘No,’ said I, ‘why should I get up and read the Bible? I do not believe it; I have discarded it long ago, never believed it. It

would be nonsense for me to get up and read the Bible ; I consider the Bible a humbug, and religion a delusion. I will not get up.'

"So I resolved to sleep.

" 'Yes, you must get up and read the Bible. You want a friend. There is no friend in the world. God will be your friend, and the Bible will tell you *how* God will be your friend. Get up and read your Bible.'

"It was as if some one was speaking to me. The voice was within.

"I answered :

" 'I know I want God for my friend, but I have God for my friend already.'

" 'No, God is not your friend, but he *may* be, and the Bible will tell you *how* he may be.'

"So I got up and read the Bible.

"I made several attempts to go to sleep. I turned upon this side—then upon that. I

gathered my pillow up under my head in one shape, then in another.

“ ‘Get up and read the Bible,’ kept ringing in my ears.

“I could not still myself. So I arose and thought I would open the Bible and read the chapter which first met my eye, and then lie down and go to sleep, supposing that that would still myself, and be satisfactory to the voice speaking within me.

“I opened the Bible, as proposed, and the first chapter which met my eye, was the fifteenth chapter of John. I read it through.

“ ‘This is very beautiful,’ said I, and read on through the next. ‘These are wonderful words,’ said I.

“Then I read that wonderful prayer in the seventeenth chapter, and I was prepared to say with one of old, ‘Never man spake like this man.’ I felt convinced at once that this was true, inspired ; no mere man ever

could, or ever would, use such language—such words. From that very hour all my doubts about the truth and divine origin of the Bible vanished. I most solemnly declare, that from that night to this hour I have never had one moment of doubt about the truth of the Bible. I was conscious that I believed it, and on this very account I was an astonishment to myself.

“ ‘Did I not tell you that the Bible would tell you how God might become your friend?’ said the same internal monitor.

“I really thought I was getting beside myself.

“All this time my wife lay sleeping. I went to her—roused her up. She inquired of me what I wanted.

“ ‘Talk to me,’ said I. ‘Say, am I not deranged?’

“ ‘What makes you think so?’

“ ‘I have been pressed to read—to get up

and read the Bible, and I have done it, and I think I must be deranged.'

"I explained to her all the circumstances, and told her of my present convictions, and repeating the inquiry, if she did not think I was a little out. My wife was a professedly pious woman. She heard me through, with deliberate and fixed attention, and then said:

" 'You were never more rational in your life.' She said she was very glad to find me feeling as I did.

"I now felt that I was a sinner. Never had felt so before. I knew not what to do. I was brought into a new and unexpected position. I kept all my feelings to myself, speaking to no one but my wife. She urged me to go and see the clergyman, but I declined. I would see no one."

His wife asked the clergyman to call upon him, which he did, and without saying much to him he urged him to come and hear him

preach the next Sabbath, to which he assented.

“Next Sunday I was in church,” he continued. “All this time I had never believed in Christ as a divine being. The sermon was on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Saul as a sinner and Christ as a Saviour were exhibited. I saw that Christ must be divine, as well as human, and the whole plan of salvation, by faith in him, seemed to be revealed to me at once. Still I did not embrace him as my Saviour. I had no peace of mind.

“One evening I was conversing with a young man, an intimate friend of mine. He was the son of very pious parents. I knew myself to be a favorite with them. As we proceeded in our conversation, my friend remarked that he believed he should try henceforth to lead a different life, and he added that I ought to do the same, and then he said, ‘Do you know that my father and



mother spent from twelve to one o'clock on ——— night,' naming it, 'praying for your conversion?'

"It was the very same night on which I was awakened out of a sound sleep, and urged to get up at three o'clock, and read the Bible.

"‘Now,’ I said, ‘I understand the whole thing.’ I then recounted to him the facts of my case. I made up my mind that I would be a Christian at once. My mind and heart took strong hold of the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour immediately.

"I resolved to make the sacred word of God my study and my delight. By its blessed teachings I was brought to the foot of the cross, and I have found that peace and happiness which surpass infinitely all the enjoyments of the world, and which my heart had been craving all my life long. Only my peace passes all understanding,

except by those who have experienced the same. On all occasions, and under all circumstances, I am ready and willing to bear witness for Christ. Immediately after indulging the hope that I was a Christian, I set out to do all in my power to win my friends and companions to Jesus. About thirty of them, chiefly young men, have come out on the Lord's side. My principal trial is that old professors of religion are so remiss and lukewarm in the service of Christ. I do feel that the Christian life should be earnest. I regard my own conversion as a direct and special answer to prayer. I believe that no more improbable case than my own could have been taken hold of, for I was not only an infidel, thoroughly set against all religion, but I was also surrounded with influences which made my case as hopeless as any one's can possibly be.

A sailor arose in a late meeting, and said he had signed articles and had shipped on board the ship Mendi, which was to sail in a few days for the coast of Africa. He said the mate and four of the seamen were pious men, and he wished the meeting to pray for the ship on her voyage, that every unconverted man on board might be converted before they reach the coast. He urged, in a very earnest manner, the importance of prayer.

Another sailor arose, and said, "I never before have been in this meeting. I am also to go on the ship Mendi, to the coast of Africa. I am here, never, probably, to be here again, and I must tell you how the Lord came to me in the ship. He made me confess I was a great sinner, and accuse myself of many crimes. I did not like it then. But oh! how thankful I am now that he ever made me feel that I was a great sinner. What would have become of me if I had

never been made to feel it? I tried to thrust convictions far from me. They would not go. They stared me in the face. Then the devil said, 'You are so great a sinner, there is no mercy for you.'

"Then I remembered Christ died for all sinners, for the worst sinners—even the very chief. So I resolved to go to him. Satan said: 'Better knock off some before you go.' I said 'No, I cannot get salvation that way. I have tried knocking off before—and could not do it. It is not in me.' So I had to go to Jesus—sins and all—just as I was, and told him what a wretch I was and how sorry I was. And oh! what sweet words I heard. 'Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow—and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' I found the way to come to him, was to come—sins and all—and cast all down before him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### **How the Infidel Convinced Himself.**

WHEN unbelieving men reason in favor of the truth, they sometimes convince themselves of the truth of that which they once denied. Truth has in itself a power to overcome error when once it can be felt. So it was in the case here given.

A young clergyman from Troy said:

“We had an infidel living within the bounds of my parish, who never went to church, never did any thing but ridicule and oppose religion, boasted that he could confound the ablest argument among Christians who dared to encounter him. One day that man was met by another infidel, who began to deride the revival which was prevailing in Troy, and the first named began to de-

fend it. In giving an account afterwards of the conversation that ensued, the infidel said: 'What made me take up in opposition to my infidel friend, in favor of the revival as being the work of God's Spirit, I know not, unless it was my love of disputation and the habit I had of always being in the opposition. But when he advanced arguments against the revival, I advanced arguments in its favor, until at last I convinced myself that it was the work of God, and could be no other.'

"At that point," said the clergyman, "this man came to me and told me all. And soon I saw that the man was in sore trouble. He said, 'I am in distress; I want you to tell me how I can get relief.' I told him to take his Bible and go to his room and open it at the eleventh chapter of Luke, and read with care the first thirteen verses: and then turn over to the fifteenth chapter and read the whole story of the prodigal son. I told

him to read these, believing every word he read: then, with the Bible open before him, to kneel down and pray, believing, and accepting, and coming, as the prodigal did, to his father. The man went home and did as he was requested, with little confidence in any thing which he could do, but thoroughly stripped of all his own self-righteousness, and convinced that he was a poor, perishing sinner. That prayer was not made in vain. That man," continued the pastor, "is now a member of my church, and we hope is a true Christian. I feel confident, when directing a sinner in the language of the Bible—not books—not tracts—not any thing but the pure, unadulterated word of God. We must lead sinners to Christ by means of his own blessed words.

A gentleman spoke of his own religious history. He said he was the son of a clergyman—the son of a pious mother also. Yet

he had now to confess that he had been an infidel, notwithstanding a fond father's prayers, and a mother's tender care and counsels. He was an infidel in spite of himself, and he was made an infidel by his own observations. He had noticed that there was a wide difference between the professed belief and the practices of Christians. His Bible could not be the word of God, he thought, and those who professed to receive it as such really did not believe its teachings.

"But the time came when I was to feel that there was a truth in religion. I felt the need of a Saviour. I felt that religion proposed just such a Saviour as I did need. Oh! how my miserable doubts fled, when made to feel what a poor wretch I was. That Saviour I needed I found in the Lord Jesus Christ. Now I am not only a professing Christian, but I am a minister of the Lord Jesus."



## CHAPTER XIII.

### Prayer for an Infidel.

A GENTLEMAN said he had a peculiar case for prayer to present to the meeting. It was for the conversion of an infidel. "I have been talking," said he, "with that man this very morning, and he has given his consent that I may ask you to pray for him. He says he does not believe one word of the Bible as a revelation from God,—not one word about religion; but he says to me: 'You believe that the Bible is divinely inspired; you believe that religion is a solemn reality; and if you do, you ought to be concerned for me! You ought to pray for me, and you ought to carry my case to the prayer meeting and ask

others to pray for me, and I am willing you should. I am willing you should act a good conscience in the matter. At the same time I acknowledge to you that this, in my judgment, is all nonsense.'

After fervent prayer had been offered, a gentleman said: "We must not suppose that the infidel believes no more than he professes to believe on the subject of religion. He is often very unwilling to admit to his own mind, even, how much he does believe. Let me tell you of a single example of late conversion. A man of my acquaintance gave the following facts as matters of his own experience. When he was before the session of which I am a member, they came out. He had been converted and he wished to make public profession of his attachment to Christ. He told us that he had been an infidel—a rank infidel,—no one more decided in his unbelief than himself. But one

thing had always troubled him. He said that for more than twenty years his mind had been agitated with one single impression, and he never could shake it off. Twenty years ago he happened to overhear two men conversing on the subject of religion. He heard one man ask the other, 'if he loved the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"The man answered—'No! I do not think I do.'

" 'What!' said the inquirer, 'not love the Lord Jesus Christ! I love him.'

"That was all I heard of the conversation; and they did not know that I had heard even that. 'I *knew*,' said the man, 'that he who asked that question did love the Lord Jesus Christ. I *knew* he did. I felt in my own soul that he did. There was something that carried the irresistible conviction to my mind, and for twenty years I have been followed with that conviction. It has been the cause

of frequent and deep disquietude. But of late it has troubled me more than ever. I have asked myself, Why should that man love the Lord Jesus Christ? And if he had good cause to love the Lord Jesus Christ, why may I not—why ought I not to love him? So, of late, this question has been so pressed upon my mind, that I could get no rest. I have found it a barbed arrow in my heart. I was smitten with dismay at the convictions which came clustering upon me. I have found that there were within me no principles of self moral recovery. I was led to despair of help or happiness in myself. I have found reasons, many and pressing, why I should love the Lord Jesus Christ. I have such a spiritual necessity upon me as none but Christ can relieve. I have come before this session, to tell them that all my hope is that I am a pardoned sinner.’”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### **A Hard Case, and a Great Change.**

A YOUNG man addressed the meeting who was from Boston. He related the facts of his own history and conversion. His parents died when he was a mere infant, and he was left to poverty, and want, and unfriendliness, and sorrow, to come up as he could in the midst of the ruinous influences of a city. As he grew in years he grew in crime, so that there was not a crime, in the whole catalogue of crimes, which he had not committed, except the crime of murder. And even that crime he had deliberately planned against a man who had wronged him in a grievous manner. The first time he met him, in a lone place, or on a dark night, he meant to

give him a blow which should take away his life. With this resolution he entered his room one night, and took off his coat and boots to get ready for bed. It was early bed-time. And there, in that room, he was smitten down, as was Saul of Tarsus. He was all unconscious of the passage of time. He found himself on his knees at twelve o'clock—midnight—begging and pleading with God for mercy. And that night, and in that lone hour of midnight, he found peace in believing in Jesus. He declares that no living mortal had ever said a word to him on the subject of religion, in connection with his religious exercises of that night. He had been to no meetings. He had been previously under no religious impressions. His friends and associates were all irreligious. He had been in the habit of neglecting all religious means of grace, never regarded the Sabbath, never went to church. was utterly

reckless and impatient of all religious restraint. The first thing he did, in the morning, was to go to his enemy.

"I have come," said he to him, "to be revenged on you." And then he told him how he had plotted against his life, and determined to take it. But he believed that God had forgiven him, and now he confessed how great the crime was, and how anxious he was to be forgiven.

"Will you forgive me?" said the young man. "God has forgiven me, and now I want you to forgive me too."

His enemy, he said, looked upon him with the utmost surprise, to hear him, a wretched, ruined, hardened man talking about being forgiven. But he saw he was in earnest, and he stretched out the hand, and he was heartily forgiven. Then his peace flowed like a river. This was several months ago. He had gone on rejoicing ever since. H

was now connected with one of the churches of Boston, and he takes hold in the work of serving Christ, with just as much earnestness as he formerly did in the work of serving the adversary of souls. All the time he was speaking, there was a remarkable expression of earnestness and glad sincerity on his countenance. He says that he shall ever feel that all the agency concerned in his awakening and conversion, was that of the Holy Spirit. He believes he was converted in answer to the prayers made for him by his mother when he was in his early childhood, and God's set time to hear and answer had come.



## CHAPTER XV.

### Christ a Terrible Judge.

WHAT shall be the end of them who know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?

An attendant in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting said: Over a year ago, after finishing a business interview with a man who from infancy had been taught that there was no better being than man, he gave him a tract, at which something like profanity was uttered by the man to whom it was given. They parted. About a year ago he met the same person in the street. His health was much impaired and he was fast becoming blind. His physicians told him he must become totally blind. Being about to separate,

some more tracts were offered to him, telling him what they were. He answered :

“ Oh ! these are like those which have done me so much good.

“ Months ago, when I was nearly blind and discouraged, I tried to settle all my matters of business and property, and was continually dwelling upon my afflictions and meditating suicide. I and my family occupied a house having a stable in the rear. I was a terror to myself. Every human being gave me alarm. Even my little children distressed me. A Methodist woman used to visit my family. She urged me to seek God—told me that many men, worse than I, had sought and found salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ. Why not I ? She gave me tracts.

“ I laughed her to scorn. What ! Could a poor ignorant woman like her know more about this matter than I ? I, who attended

the great Dr. ——'s preaching in a Unitarian church for fourteen years! I, who had had such instruction, from a child! Preposterous and absurd!

"I took the tracts, however. I spent much of my time in the stable where I intended to hang myself, brooding over these things.

"On one occasion, while so occupied, still meditating suicide, the idea came to my mind: You are complaining of your lot. You look upon this stable as not good enough for you, even to hang in. Your Saviour was born in a stable. You meditate suicide. The very day you commit it, you will be in hell. It is heaven or hell at last, and you know it. You have heard of heaven and heaven only. But there is a hell, and you had better believe it. I abandoned my design. The Holy Spirit strove with me. I was led—was enabled and persuaded to em-

brace Jesus Christ, so freely offered in the Gospel. I have since made public profession of my faith in the Methodist Church."

A few 'days after the speaker met the person referred to, who said:

"I called a short time since on Dr.——, my old minister, and said: 'I attended on your preaching for fourteen years, and was well nigh frozen to death by it. I was bad, and your preaching never told me how to become any better. I heard one-half the truth. You told me what a good being Jesus Christ was, and so he is. I have found that out. You told what a beautiful place heaven is—and so it is. I have found that out too. But you *never* told me that there is a dreadful hell—I have found *that* out also—and that Jesus Christ will be a terrible Judge to the finally impenitent! But I know it all now. I *know* it all, and you, Dr.——, had better believe it!'"

## CHAPTER XVI.

### **The Converted Free Thinker.**

At the daily prayer meeting a young man arose and said :

“It is not often that I feel as if I ought to say any thing in a religious meeting. But now I do not think it right for me to be silent. It is only a short time that I have hoped that I was a Christian. I was always as I call myself a moral man. To be this was all that I supposed necessary for happiness here or hereafter. I was a free thinker. I made little account of Christianity in the world. I thought all professions of religion a mere sham. I thought all that would be required of man was a moral life. I prided

myself on mine. I was well read in all the creeds and forms of religion of the day. My head was full of arguments against religion. I felt that no one was able to confute them.

“Two things made a deep impression upon my mind. A sentiment and an example. I will say a word of the example. I married a young pious wife. She set before me a consistent Christian example. She never argued with me on the subject of religion. She knew that this would do no good. I could have overwhelmed her with arguments. But she reproved me every day, by her consistent Christian life. I felt the power of that reproof. If she had not been so consistent, I would have got along better with myself. But she said nothing, and kept living religion out in her life. She did not conceal the fact, that she made me a subject of daily, earnest prayer. This troubled me. I did not feel easy to have her continually

praying for me. I knew she would not pray for me unless she knew I needed prayer,—needed the blessings which she endeavored to procure by prayer. What a commentary on my life! My wife had a calm, quiet, sweet repose of spirit. She enjoyed her religion. I could see she did. I had to admit it. I knew that she had a peace of mind to which I was a stranger. I knew her religion made her happy. I knew that her religion was of priceless value to her. And if it was beyond all price to her, I wondered why the same experience might not be beyond all price to me. I was troubled and anxious, and she seemed to be in a state of perfect rest.

“My mind became very much aroused, and all peace fled away from me. I knew not what to do. Not a word had as yet passed between us. I knew she was anxious about me, and was praying for me, and I

thought she was well aware that I was anxious for myself. The struggle was an awful one. Here I stood, a self-condemned sinner.

“Now let me say a word about the impression. I have heard my minister say, in one of his discourses, when I was not more than ten years old, ‘that men should think of the world, as they will think of it when they have been in hell or heaven a hundred years.’ This made a deep impression. It was brought up to my mind again, with all its force. I could never controvert the sentiment. I thought that it was correct. How poor it made every thing appear. I had nothing *but* the world, and at such stand points how worthless it was.

“I was very miserable. I felt guilty and wretched beyond expression. I knew not how to get relief. I thought of prayer, but I had never prayed in my life—how should I begin? I knew not the language of prayer—



how should I order my speech before God? You cannot think how wretched I was. It was an awful struggle for me to get down on my knees, but God brought me to my knees. I was completely humbled, I could only say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I felt that I was a sinner, but I did not feel that God would be merciful to me.

"My wife, with a Christian woman's instinct or penetration, soon found out my state of mind. She prayed now with me. I was not now ashamed to acknowledge that I needed prayer--and that I prayed for myself. I loved my wife, and she was worthy to be loved. But how unspeakable was my sense of the blessing to my soul of that consistent Christian example which adorned her life.

"This state of mind did not long continue. I was not left to despair, as I must have done in the end; but I soon began to see the glorious way of salvation through Christ

Jesus. The Bible was now my counselor. I studied it to be instructed out of it. I had little knowlege of it, but the more I came to know of it, the more wonderful became its revelations to me.

“At length I was led to embrace the Saviour, just as he was offered me in the Gospel. He became my joy and my hope. I trusted Him without a shadow of wavering and doubt.

“Now I look back to these two things as the means of my hopeful conversion—the light and influence of a consistent Christian example, and the influence of the sentiment which fell upon my mind from the lips of the living preacher, when I was but ten years old, that we should think of this world as we will think of it, when we have been in eternity one hundred years, whether it be in heaven or in hell.

“And now,” said the young man in conclu-

sion, "I want to appeal to all the young, who hear me. Do not fail to make religion the object of your first and chief attention. It is every thing to you. This world is comparatively nothing. To you, who are young wives, and have impenitent husbands, I want to say: Think of the importance of a right example. Do not try to reason, so much as you try to live religion before your companions. Let them know, if you please, that you pray for them. If they love you nothing will trouble them so much as this. They cannot bear it. I could stand any thing but those silent prayers, which I knew were offered, but which I never heard."

The young man had the appearance of a student, or of one devoted to some kind of literary pursuits. He spoke with deep solemnity and earnestness, and what he said produced a deep impression. But a little since he was a proud, bold Free Thinker—

full of self-righteousness, on account of his own morality. Now he stood here, he said, stripped of all his own vain glory—glad to acknowledge himself a poor, lost, unworthy sinner, saved by the grace of God, through Christ Jesus.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### First Year with Christ.

WE are often inquired of how he gets along. We leave him to tell his own story of his first year's religious experience, written by himself, a converted infidel:

"It is a year to-day since I first experienced the consciousness that I was a *pardoned* sinner.

"At no time, during that period, has a doubt entered my mind, in its wakeful hours, that Jesus Christ was *my Saviour*. My feelings, opinions, habits, associates, business, or the manner of doing it—all, all have changed. My love for Jesus and those who love his cause on earth, has increased, day by day; and in the institutions of re-

ligion in which it has been my privilege to unite, I have enjoyed a degree of felicity, which, in the palmiest days of infidelity, I never dreamed it was possible for any human being to enjoy on earth. In brief, I have lived *one whole year* (out of over fifty), without the intervention of a single circumstance *seriously* to mar my happiness. Such an occurrence never happened to me before.

“Judging after the estimation of worldly minds, my circumstances have never been so poor, friends so few, means so limited, perplexities so great, for the whole of any given year which I can now remember, and under which, but for the grace of God, and love of Christ in my soul, I must have utterly sunk; yet I would not exchange the last year’s blessed experience for any that I ever enjoyed, or hoped to enjoy, when blessed with health, and ample means to gratify every temporal desire.

“I am addressing you, my friend, whose spiritually instructed mind knows how to appreciate every word I write, and to fill up what I have omitted to express. The last has, indeed, been to me a year of blessed memories. In addition to the general glorious work of the Spirit, in addition to my own ever increasing faith in Christ, and the ever increasing assurance of God’s love to me personally, for his Son’s sake, I have witnessed of some, and have heard of others, to whom the Lord has been alike gracious, amongst my own immediate friends and acquaintances. And, although some remain, who are very near and dear to me, and for whom I pray, not yet prepared to acknowledge Christ as their Saviour, yet my faith is not impaired, nor my expectation diminished, that God will, in his own way and time, enlighten their minds by the Spirit’s influence, so that they will see and feel what

they are, and seek and find what they want—a saving interest in the merits of Christ.

“Had I kept a journal of the last year’s vicissitudes, or had I time to recapitulate a tithe of the interesting incidents which memory recalls, as having transpired within it, I am more than persuaded that you would join with me in one shout of ‘Glory to God in the highest.’ We know (you and I) that many, doubted the genuineness of my conversion; many still doubt it; they are not to be blamed.

“The fact that it is so, pervades so strongly, strangely, gratefully my mind, that I am, when alone, an object of wonder and amazement to myself. Before my conversion, no man ever had a more firm conviction of the truth of any fact, resting upon evidence, than I had, that Jesus Christ (if such a person ever existed) was a mere man, begotten



and born like other men, lived like other men, and died like other men ; that the story of his resurrection and ascension was unsupported by proof which could satisfy the mind of honest and intelligent inquiry. In years that are past, I have conversed upon this subject with some of the best educated and most astute minds to be found in the Christian ministry, and others, and have never found one who could shake in the least the convictions of my mind. They were the result of my own thoughts, unaided by infidel authors (I never read one), suggested by an examination of the *text* of Scripture, without note or comment, and under the influence of a sincere desire that I might find the truth.

“My mind now being enlightened, as I firmly believe, by the Holy Spirit, I see and appreciate, in some degree, the glorious truths which the Gospel contains. I know,

as well as I can know any thing of which I am conscious, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; that he was begotten, and born, and lived, and died, and rose again, in the manner stated in the Bible. Indeed, I am not capable of conceiving how it was possible for God to make an intelligible communication to rebel man, except in the very way and manner it has been accomplished; and while I contemplate the glorious exalted majesty and condescension of God, thus manifested, oh! how meager and destitute is all human language, of power to express the sentiments of my soul! And when I realize that all this is for *me*, I am overwhelmed with gratitude and love. But I must stop. My soul is full—language fails. When I learn the language of heaven I can express my feelings better. . ‘I’ll wait till Jesus comes—heaven is my home.’”

In a subsequent meeting he arose and said:

“Most of you know what I once was. Some of you know what I now hope I am, a believer and a follower of the Lord Jesus. When I was brought out of darkness, the change was as of one coming from night into day. I had embraced the Saviour with all my heart, and my rejoicing in his forgiving grace and pardoning love was beyond the power of language to describe. Shortly after this I met an old disciple of Jesus. He said to me, ‘Col. S., how is it with you?’ I told him of the exceeding happiness I had in Jesus. My friend manifested his confidence and rejoicing, but added: ‘I have a word of caution to give you. Do not suppose that this happiness will last. Deep darkness will intervene. This is the common experience of the best Christians.’ For a little time I was thrown into an agony of feeling, in view of the possibility that I might be left in darkness and

doubt. In this state of mind I went to the Lord Jesus in prayer, and, with strong crying and tears, I poured out my heart before Him. I begged that whatever else I might suffer, I might never be permitted to suffer the hidings of his blessed face. Two words, as if written with living fire, stood out full before the eye of my mind. Never did I see any thing more plain. They were these words: 'Watch!' 'Pray!' Often since that have I seen these words, and have endeavored to obey them. 'Watch!' 'Pray!' are ever in my mind, given me, in answer to my earnest agonizing prayer, by the blessed Jesus. And, since first he spoke peace to my soul, I must say it, to the glory of His grace, I have not walked in darkness—never has the Saviour hidden his face from me, but my joy in him has been like a river, flowing on with a deeper, broader current, the farther it rolls its swelling tide.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Sight to the Blind.

A YOUNG man arose, who said he was nearly blind, and for five years he had been deprived of his sight. Of late he had fallen into skeptical habits of mind on the subject of religion. He rejected the great doctrines of the Gospel as unworthy of belief. A deeper moral blindness had settled down upon his soul than that which clouded his natural vision. Years had passed since he felt any concern about himself. He rejected all evidence of the truth of religion. So he had gone on in his journey toward eternity, a thoughtless, heedless, unbelieving man.

Some time ago he became interested in the

published accounts of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. He was then living out of the city. From week to week these accounts were read to him, and his mind at once became deeply interested in the facts which were here related. He became uneasy, as well as interested, and the more he heard, the more anxious he was to hear of the incidents of the meeting. He became fully satisfied that there was a divine power here. Nothing but the power of God could produce the effects which he knew were produced. With this solemn conviction upon his mind, that conversion was the work of the Holy Spirit, his own peace was gone. All that carnal security of the past few years, in which he had not had a moment of religious anxiety, vanished in a brief space of time, and he found himself a poor sinner, crushed under a burden, a weight of guilt. He knew now too much of himself to doubt that he

was a poor, naked, self-ruined, miserable, perishing sinner. The more he struggled for relief, the less relief he found. He was plunged deeper and deeper into trouble by all his own vain efforts. He felt the load upon him sinking him down to hell. He added: "But God, for his great love wherewith he loves sinners, and is plenteous in mercy towards all who come to him, through Jesus Christ, was pleased to show me how vain all my efforts were to save myself, or to make myself any better, or to prepare myself for forgiveness, or to do any thing for myself, by the course I was pursuing. I did not know that all I had to do was to come to Christ, just as I was. When I saw that, I found myself already doing it, so that the same influence that led me to see the one, led me to do the other.

"In a moment I found that all was changed. I trusted Christ and Christ alone. I

renounced all my own righteousnesss—all my vain endeavors—all confidence in my prayers—my tears—MY any thing and every thing. I gave it all up, and took, instead of all these things, Christ. I took him to my soul, as my all-sufficient and everlasting portion. And oh! what a portion I have found in him! Oh! what an infatuation it was in me to be a proud unbeliever; such a sinner as I was to be a despiser of Jesus!

“It is only six weeks ago since all these things became so changed to me. And do you think I have nothing to be thankful for? Do I owe nothing to this blessed place of prayer? Do I owe nothing to the reports which I heard read of this meeting? I have longed to come here and acknowledge my obligations to God, and, under God, to this meeting. I cannot now even tell what made me desire to hear about this meeting. But you see what a blessing it has been to me.”



## CHAPTER XIX.

### The New Witness.

INFIDELITY is not often all of the head. It is often more of the heart. Many a man who does not openly deny the truth of religion does not practically believe a word of it. Men wake up sometimes after the sleep of years, and are astonished at the awful realities which stare them in the face, and of which they had no previous apprehension.

A gentleman arose in the upper lecture room in Fulton street ; a graceful, cultivated looking man, and said he had had a great desire to say something in this meeting. But coming here, as he had done, day after day, he had been deterred by the interesting com-

munications which were here made, and the evident disposition of the meeting to spend much of its time in prayer.

“Yet,” said he, “I feel I have a duty to discharge in what I have to relate.

“Some time last August a man came into this meeting, a young man, in a state of great destitution—ragged, hungry, and friendless. He was the child of great parental anxiety and solicitude; a child of many prayers and tears. He had been carefully educated. He had led an openly moral life. He had even made a profession of religion. But when he came in here, he was without hope and without God in the world—a poor wretched wanderer upon the face of the earth. Degraded as he was, and cast down as he was, he saw and felt that he might be saved in this accepted time—in this day of salvation. The spirit of the meeting was such as to inspire hope.

“Months have passed away. What a change those months have wrought. All that load of guilt and sin was removed. No name is so precious to him as the name of Jesus, none so loved and honored. The language of his heart is—

“ ‘Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.’

Now can you wonder that he loves to come to this place of prayer? It was here, in this very room, in the midst of your prayers and praises, that the adorable Redeemer revealed himself able and willing to save. Here, where Christ is so honored and exalted, that ‘his name is above every name,’ that poor young man came and bowed at his feet—taking his yoke and his burden upon him—(easy and light are the yoke and the burden,) according to the gracious promise of the Saviour. He has been permitted to see and

feel that there is a fulness in Christ, of which, till lately, he had not the faintest idea, because he did not understand the word of God. But oh! when the fountains of Christ's love were opened to that thirsty soul, how did that soul drink, and drink, and drink a full supply.

“ ‘ I must have all things and abound  
While Christ is Christ to me.’ ”

“ My dear brethren of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, that young man is before you, here to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which he owes to God and you for all the Saviour has done for him here. Long have I desired to tell you what I have now told, and add my testimony to the many testimonies which have here been given of Christ's ability and willingness to save. More than this I need not say—less I could not say. This place has been none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven to me.”

## CHAPTER XX.

### **Praying with the Face in the Bible.**

“CONFIDENCE in mere outward morality, as a means of salvation, is only one of the forms of rejecting the whole plan of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. The moralist expects to save himself. He feels no need of a days-man between him and God. He has no sins to be washed away in Christ’s atoning blood. When the bandages are removed from his eyes he sees what a sinner he is.”

The foregoing remarks brought up a young man, who said he was a representative of the very class of young men which had been mentioned. He was moral, and honest, and upright, and irreproachable in his outward

conduct. So he had lived. He was averse, however, to religion.

Some time ago it pleased the Lord to awaken him to a sense of his sins. Aforetime he felt very secure. But now he saw that something more was needed than mere morality. All his outward show of moral integrity only covered up the festering pollution which reigned within. He knew and felt that his morality could not save him. He was ruined and undone, and he saw it.

“This class of young men was practical. You must show such young men what they must do to be saved. Tell them what to do and they will be apt to try to do it, and they will find out that it does them no good, or that it is the means of good, one or the other. I had a mother and sister praying for me and with me, whenever I asked them to pray. My distress grew deeper and deeper, and the more I saw of myself the more I was sunk in despair.

“Some one told me to go to my room, open my Bible, and on my knees, laying my face in my Bible, ask God to forgive my sins for Jesus’ sake, and own me as his child.

“I felt the importance and solemnity of the act, in which I was determined to give myself up to God, to be disposed of, according to his holy pleasure. So down upon my knees I fell, before God, in my own chamber, and then, upon my open Bible, I bowed my face, and implored my heavenly Father, for the sake of that Saviour which that Bible revealed, to have mercy upon me. I gave myself up to God, by a hearty consecration of all I am and all I have to his service.

“I tell you,” said he, with much emphasis and pathos, “there is no such thing as a sinner coming with his heart to Christ, and being rejected by him. Christ cannot cast away the sinner who sues to him for mercy. He has promised that he will not. ‘Him that

cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Try it. Go home to your rooms and kneel down upon your knees, with your open Bible before you. Lay your face into that Bible, and ask God, for the sake of the atoning blood which that Bible reveals, to have mercy on you; and he will. It is not the form of the thing to which I attach any importance, but it is the thing itself. It is the asking for the sake of Christ.

"I know there are burdened hearts here to-day. You are here, just as I was here. And I want you to do as I did—go to Jesus. What sweet peace I found! What solid joy! What animating hope! What grateful labor! What glorious prospects! All these, since the hour when I hid my face in my open Bible, and asked God to have mercy on me for the sake of what that Bible revealed, of a Saviour crucified and slain."



## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Chief of Sinners.

“Have you a few minutes which you can give to me? I wish to speak to you.”

Some one had laid his hand on the shoulders of the writer in the crowd, as the people were leaving the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, and many were speaking on every side to each other as they passed out.

On looking round we saw a fine, tall, gentlemanly looking man, as the one who had addressed the inquiry above, and he was waiting for an answer. He had been observed often, of late, in the meetings, though we did not know him. He had an intelligent, open countenance, marked with an expres-

sion of great sadness. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age.

We answered that we should be happy to speak with him.

We both made our way to the back part of the lecture room, and took one of the seats. The room was soon empty and we were by ourselves ; perceiving which, he began :

“I have wanted to speak with you, and even now I know not what to say, or how to get my case before you. I may as well say I am a very bad man; I am one of the ‘chief of sinners.’ ”

We sat still, very much astonished, for we had noticed this man particularly, and took him to be some pious, Christian merchant, who was in the habit of coming to this room to pray.

“You look incredulous, but you do not know me as I know myself. I have been a very wicked man, a fast man, a wealthy man,

living at the clubs, and keeping company with such men as V——, and G——, and M——, and R——,” naming some men of well-known wealth and standing. “I have wanted to ask you what I should do.”

He sat with his eye intently fastened upon ours. After a pause, with an expression of disappointment in his face, he added :

“I know you do not believe me. You cannot believe me. Nobody believes me. I went to ———— prayer meeting, and twice I asked them to pray for me, and they would not. One gave me a book to read, but no prayer. I am the chief of sinners. I have been such a sinner that they are afraid of me. They say—there comes ———. What is he up to now? They have not a particle of confidence in me. They think this is all a sham. They do ’nt dare to pray for me for fear I will go away and make fun of them, I suppose. I am so wicked that

they cannot believe me sincere when I ask them to pray for me."

"That is strange," we replied. "The greater the sinner, the greater the need of prayer."

"Exactly so," said he, "I should have asked for prayer here, but I was afraid they would not pray for me."

"Certainly they would," we replied. "If you were to rise and ask for prayer yourself, you may be assured they would pray for you."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, we think so."

"Well, you don't know me, but many here do. There," said he, pointing to a man looking in at the door, "there is a man at the door who knows me—knows me to be a fast man—a very bad man—knows in what sort of sin I once lived at the same boarding house with him. You could not make that

man believe that I am anxious on the subject of religion. No—no—they won't believe me, and what am I to do?"

There was a most anxious, miserable look in his face as he gazed into the face opposite his.

"Are you in good health?" we inquired, somewhat puzzled in our impressions of his case, and supposing there might be some nervous debility which made him look so sad and melancholy.

"Never was sick a day in my life," he replied, with a sad smile. "It is not nervousness, as you may suppose," looking very grave again. "It is not. Oh! if it was I could bear it, but this I cannot bear." And he hung his head down in sorrow, resting his forehead upon his hand.

"If you are such a sinner as you say, why do you not go directly to Christ?"

"That is it. Why don't I? How shall

I? That is just the point I wanted to talk about."

"How long have you come to these meetings?"

"For some time. I know you have noticed my coming."

"What made you come?"

"I do not know."

"Do you attend church on the Sabbath?"

"Always."

"Have you talked with your minister?"

"I have. He gave me some good advice; very good advice. But he did not approve of my coming here."

"Why not?"

"I do not know. He gave me no explanations; but he did not think this meeting the place for me."

"My friend! do you depend on the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting for any relief in your case?"

“I do not depend—but yet I want to have them pray for me.”

“Why?”

“Because I believe God hears their prayers.”

“And yet you say you do not *depend*. May you not be mistaken?”

“Perhaps so.”

“Have you ever asked for prayers here?”

“I have sent in a written request for prayer—asking them to pray for the ‘chief of sinners.’ But I have found no relief.”

“Did you expect any?”

“Perhaps I did.”

“Have you any right to go anywhere else with your case, with any expectation of relief, except to Christ, or to exalt this meeting into the place of Christ? Do you not see that all this is hewing out to yourself your own cistern—while you neglect to go to the fountain set open for sin in a Saviour’s blood.”

He made no reply. We added: "Jesus Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sin. Don't you remember his words: 'come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest?' And again, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' All you have to do is simply to take him at his word."

He paused a few minutes—in the deepest meditation, and his countenance lighted up with some new purpose and new light.

"Is there any place where we can pray together?" he inquired.

In a moment we went up into one of the small rooms. We kneeled down together. One of the three led in prayer—very short—adapted to his case. This closed, and he began: "Oh! what a prayer was that!—full of repentance, confession, importunity, faith, love, consecration." We felt that the great transaction was done.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### Prevailing Prayer.

“HAS your husband been converted yet?”

This inquiry was made of a woman who had requested the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting to pray for the conversion and salvation of her husband. He was an infidel and unbelieving man on the whole subject of revealed religion. He accounted the Bible as having no authority over the consciences of men, and as being no rule of faith and practice. The speaker said :

“I met this wife and inquired of her, ‘Has your husband been converted yet?’

“‘No! not yet,’ she answered, ‘but I am sure he will be soon converted. For though

he is an infidel, and boasts of his unbelief, I can see that he is ill at ease, and he knows that we are praying for him. I am sure that God will hear and answer prayer.'

"Sometime afterward I met her with the same inquiry, and she answered with joy: 'I believe my husband is converted. He prays in the family. He attends church. He loves the people of God. He delights in reading the Bible. He prays in secret, and he is publicly to make profession of his faith in Christ at our next communion.'"

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A merchant in Philadelphia, mentioned the case of a man in large business, who had about two hundred men in his employ. He was born in France. He had a devoted, pious, Christian mother, who had prayed much for him, when a child, but who died when he was a little boy. He came up to manhood, a scoffer at religion, and a pro-

fessed infidel. He cared for none of these things.

A few years ago he married a pious lady of this city. She knew that he had a praying mother, and she joined her prayers to those which had been offered by the mother many years before, in the firm belief that her husband would be converted. Two years ago she died. She lived not to see her prayers answered. Yet she died in the full and firm belief that her prayers were to be answered, and her husband was to become a Christian.

“Now see how God hears and answers prayer,” continued the speaker. “Here was a man who was a French infidel, who neglected all means of grace, who scoffed at all religion; yet he was to be converted, for God’s promise was out for it, and it must be done. How was his mind to be reached, and what was to be done? How was he to

be convinced of the truth of religion? Who should bear the gospel message to him?

“But God’s methods of grace are his own. He came down upon that man’s heart with the great power of his Holy Spirit, and the great change was wrought without the intervention of any apparent means. The first that any body knew about it was in this way.

“The man caused to be posted up in his warehouse a simple notice, given to all his people, inviting them to come to a meeting at a certain hour.

“The hour came, and nearly all those people came together. He there related to them the amazing change through which he had been called to pass, in simple, earnest language. He then exhorted them all to seek salvation, as he had done, in a crucified Saviour.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### **Doomed to Destruction.**

MANY a man not only refuses to come into the kingdom of heaven, but sets himself to hinder those nearest and dearest to him from coming. Infidelity is as cruel as the grave in this regard. Many a wife and many a child has met with the thrust and most bitter opposition when in a state of anxiety about the salvation of their souls.

A gentleman stood in the middle lecture room prayer meeting, and narrated the following facts, as having lately occurred not far from us :

“ In a family of wealth, and fashion, and irreligion, and infidelity, there was an only daughter. She was accomplished and intel-

ligent, highly educated, and, like the rest, fond of the gayeties and time-killing follies of fashionable life.

“Under the power of the all-pervading presence of the Holy Spirit, her own heart and mind fell ; and she was smitten in the midst of her pleasures. She bowed to that amazing and mysterious power which arrests the guilty and thoughtless, and came trembling to her chamber as a place of prayer. On her knees she besought God to have mercy upon her.

“One evening her father came in at dusk, and, going into one of the rooms, found his daughter upon her knees, in prayer. She had not perceived his coming in ; and the solemnity of her earnest pleadings with God was broken up by the stern command which fell in angry tones upon her ears.

“‘Rise from your knees—my daughter—rise, I say.’ And he took hold of her and

lifted her up. ‘You are well enough, and safe enough, without prayer. You are safe, I say, and I will have none of this in my house.’

“She was so shocked that she swooned away. The poor girl was laid upon a sofa, and, by the application of restoratives, she was revived; but reason fled, and she was a raving maniac. She could not bear the awful shock; and she raved with madness. It took four men to hold her on her bed. Her continued cry was ‘Oh! I am lost!’ ‘Oh! I am lost!’ ‘Oh! I am lost!’

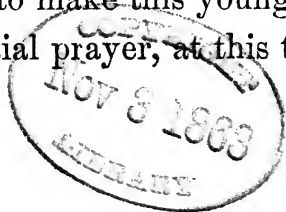
“At length her mind seemed to settle down into a state of tranquillity, and her reason seemed to be restored, but she was very feeble. The powers of nature had been outraged by that fearful command of her father; but her heavenly Father had *not* forgotten to be gracious.

“Her friends ventured to speak with her of

the love and compassion of Jesus; and when they did so, her face lighted up with a holy joy, and the silent tear stole down her pale cheeks. She seemed full of heavenly peace.

“When her father ventured into the room, to see the idol of his heart, and whom he did not intend to *allow* to be a Christian, she would raise both hands, with the wide-spread palms toward him, and beckon him to go from her presence—her countenance, meantime, indicating the deepest mental anguish. When left with her pious friends, it returned to the same peaceful expression of holy composure and joy, whenever the name of Christ was mentioned.

“Now,” continued the speaker, “I have narrated these few facts, with the view of asking you to make this young lady the subject of special prayer, at this time.”





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